

The feminine school teacher is said by those who have passed through the ordeal unscathed, to be the most harrowing and subtle campaigner of all the professions

She usually wears gold-plated spectacles and if possible has blonde hair and curls with a wig. She is a tall, thin, Scotch-plaid skirt and a dog-dragging, red skirt and tan shoes. Her back hair is always arranged with that studied reckless abandon which is the wonder of all mankind. With a jaunty hat and a firm determination to teach school all her life, she is armed with a cap and a book. She is surrounded with an air of utmost cultured modesty and reads papers before the county institute about the high plane of American womanhood and the care of children. Ten years later she has fuz on her upper lip and a mole on her chin and a vinegary smile that would freeze a fellow. She hates men and feels neglected and can not understand why she has not been sought for and discovered. She gets red in the face and spatters blue vitrol all over whenever some hurrud man asks if "His Marriage a Failure?" She thinks it is a disgrace that she has formed no proposals of marriage, while all the time she knows she has engineered many a picnic excursion solely to get to invite some check-vest drug clerk to it, and then sit the gloaming, on his darling, she corral him in a hammock with the rest of the party and then have every one else do the gambol on the green. Then she goes at him like a beluguet cat in an alley, and if no one comes to interrupt and queer the deal, she starts a winning hand and asks him in the spirit of desperation to be hers and he can't get away, she is obliged to acknowledge him selfish and proceeds to pian-forte housekeeping.

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WOMEN DO NOT CARE.

The women here do not seem to understand that they can vote at the coming election, that they are not slaves, that they do not care. There is no cooking, no

78 Bazaar 76.
THE EMPORIUM OF FASHION.
Ladies! Ladies! Ladies! invited! Latest
of New York styles duplicated. Come and
see! Ask and price. I know the rest. I
have just received a large and well selected
stock of embroideries, sackbats and inser-
tions, valenciennes, cluny and thread lace.

Baskett's trimmings and Hamburg edging.
 The latest style of lace collar, and a
 full assortment of all articles pertaining to
 ladies' toilet and wardrobe.
 M. M. MANUEL.
 —
 SCHWEITZER & DAVIDSON,
 Contractors and Builders.
 Dealers in lumber, shingles, sash, doors
 and blinds. Market street, Wichita, Kan.
 —
 WEST & MANN,
 Dealers in
 Garden City Clipper and Rockford Skinner
 plows, Brown's improved corn planters,
 Fish Brothers' wagons, Buckeye and
 Wood's mowers, hay forks, rakes, hoes,
 spades and shovels. A splendid assortment
 of field and garden tools. Corner Main
 and First streets, Wichita, Kan.
 Clover, Timothy, Blue grass and Hungar-
 ian seed, Norway and Surprise oaks, Early
 Rose and Peach Blow potatoes.
 —
 M. KNIGHT,
 Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
 Wines, Bottles, Baskets and all types Whiskies,
 Boots and shoes. Corner First and Main
 streets, Wichita, Kan. Sample room in the
 rear of wholesale department is supplied
 with the very best old Kentucky, Bourbon
 and Monongahela rye whiskies and imported
 brandies and wines. Having a desire to
 change my stock of goods for the great in-
 crements to the trade in the next few
 days, obligating myself to sell at Leaven-
 worth or Kansas City prices, freight added,
 —
 NEW COUNTRY STORE,
 Sol. H. Kohn & Bro.,
 Wholesale and retail dealers in dry
 goods, clothing, hats, caps, boots and
 shoes. Wichita, Kansas.
 —
 W. AND N. MCLEER,
 Real Estate and Insurance Agents.
 Houses for sale or rent. Grounds for
 sale or rent or lease. A large and varied

The E. T. Brown nursery was still unscathed and much talked about.

men should be built on every lot.

Mrs. M. L. Gordon died of consumption. She had come only shortly before as a bride. The remains were taken to Mayville, Kentucky, for interment.

Miss E. M. H. is the daughter of the Eagle office, a queer geological find which was passed over to the Lewis Academy.

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FIGHTING FOR LIFE.

The life of an orange grove hedge is something wonderful. Out on Second street, where that street car opened a hedge came right in the middle of the street. Everybody who lives out that way has nourished an intense desire to kill the hedge by driving buggy wheels over it. This process has been going on for twelve years, but the hedge has prospered beyond all expectation. It is dark brown and knotty and dead-looking from the road, but every spring they are up twice, and will probably continue to do so for a hundred years yet.

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LAME OF WINTER.

The chances are that winter will entirely disappear with this month. As a rule spring in this part of the state opens near the first of April. We may probably find our last snow this winter.

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IT IS A HABIT.

Winters hatters acknowledge that when they cut a customer they are not able to prevent themselves from saying, "There was a little something about whether there was any jump in the wool."

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ANTI-INSURANCE POINT.

A Wisconsin man says he knows that there once was a man who had a policy on his head resolved to take the money he would get in a life insurance policy and build a